

Oxford Democrat.

No. 52, Vol. 2, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, May 2, 1843.

Old Series, No. 10, Vol. 11.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY
George W. Elliot.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.—One Dollar and Fifty cents in advance.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms;
the Proprietor not being accountable for any error
beyond the amount charged for the advertisement.
A reasonable deduction will be made for cash in ad-
vance, and no credit will be given for a longer period
than three months.

COMMUNICATIONS AND LETTERS on business must
be Post-Paid to insure attention.

Book and Job Printing

Executed with neatness and despatch.

POPULAR LITERATURE.

Translated from the French, for the N. Y. Liberator.

HELEN'S OFFERING.

A TALE, BY MARGARET.

After the destruction of Troy, while the ruins
of her towers, temples and palaces, yet smoking,
covered the dead bodies of Priam, his children
and his people; while his wife and daughters
were carried off as slaves, to serve insolent con-
querors; and these conquerors themselves were
departing to perish, some in their own palaces,
others upon the ocean, or to wander miserably
from shore to shore, at the mercy of the winds
and waves; and while the bodies of Achilles,
Hector and Telamonides were scattered in dust
upon the Trojan plains, where a host of heroes
mingled their hostile ashes in one and the same
vast tomb. Helen and Menelaus reunited and
reconciled, were returning gaily and tranquilly
to Lacedaemon; she, gently complaining that he
ever could think her unfaithful; and he, excus-
ing himself for having credited suspicious ap-
pearances, and promising faithfully never in fu-
ture to doubt her love or her constancy: both on
the best possible terms—only a little vexed that
for such a trifle there had been so much noise.

But on passing through the Cyclades, they
were overtaken by a violent storm, and seeing
their vessel about to be dashed to pieces upon
the rocks of the Cos, they made a row to Nep-
tune.

"Oh, most inconstant of the immortals," said
Helen, in a whisper, "protect a woman who re-
sembles you!"

Then she made him an offering of a golden
tripod, which she had saved from the pillage of
Troy, and threw it into the sea. The storm in-
stantly ceased.

Now it happens, that six hundred years after-
wards, that a vessel of Miletus was passing near
the island of Cos, just as a fisherman of that isle
was casting his net into the sea. The Miletians
in the vessel proposed to buy at hazard whatever
the fisherman should take that time. He agreed
with them, and when he had drawn up his net,
he found there the tripod offered by Helen.

An endless lawsuit followed, between Cos and
Miletus, for this treasure; the Cassians main-
taining that the fisherman intended to sell only
such fish as he should catch; and the Milesians
contending that he had sold every thing to be
caught.

War was threatened, and to avoid that calam-
ity, recourse was had to the oracle, at Delphos—
both parties were appeased, when the oracle di-
rected the golden tripod to be given to the wisest
of the wise.

But who is the wisest of the wise? This ques-
tion was as difficult as that of the net. They
long deliberated to determine which of the seven
ages then living, ought of right to have the tri-
pod.

"They will assist us themselves, in making the
choice," said one of the deliberators; "Thales is
at Miletus, and being the nearest to us, let us go
and propose our offering for his acceptance."

"Oh sage," said they, on meeting him, "you,
whose genius has penetrated the bosom of nature,
and grasped her profoundest secrets—who have
discovered that water is the only element, and
that is the principle of all other elements—you,
who have attributed to the world an universal
soul, and think this soul united to and inher-
ent in matter, as the soul of man is united to his
body; if all this is true, divine Thales, receive
this golden tripod, which Apollo directs us to
offer to the wisest of the wise."

"My friends," replied Thales, "if all this be
true—if I were sure of it myself—and if I per-
fectly understood all that I teach, I should think
myself, in reality; but in vain I try to solve
the great enigma of nature—neither within my
self, nor in the world around me, can I see any-
thing more clearly than you. I am now exposing the
secrets of the schools, but with Apollo, whose
enquiries you are, there can be no dissimulation.
I have endeavored to make fire from water, but I
have yet to comprehend how, in the sun, water
can form a reservoir of light. The soul which I
ascribed to the universe, to move its springs and
guide its motions, would doubtless be an inter-
esting subject, could I explain how this univer-
sal soul could be one and the same in the vulture
and the dove—in the tiger and the elephant. But
the unity of its existence, and the infinite diver-
sity of its metamorphoses confounds my under-
standing. Curiosity is not science, and the stud-
ies I pursue will always wander as in a
vast and obscure waste. What they call my wis-
dom, therefore, may very likely be to prove to be
my folly—for such it is to seek the knowledge of
things beyond the comprehension of man. Still,
to not discourage my pupils, and trusting that in
time, some corner of the great veil may be raised,
I give them an example of hope and courage;—
but in the path I trace for them, I often wander
and am lost myself. Go then and carry your of-
fering to Solon; he aims directly at the useful;
his study is man, and his object is to make him
better and happier."

The deputies sailed for Attica, and having
found Solon, they offered him the golden tripod,
calling him the wisest of the wise.

"You have well chosen your time," replied the
legislator of Athens, "for I am on the point of
becoming a fool. I have just come from the pub-
lic square, where I saw nothing but malcontents.
The sea-faring people complain that I have fa-
vored the country people; and the latter accus-
me of being too subservient to the inhabitants of
the cities; and in the city it is still worse. Every-
one wants laws in his own favor, and to the prej-
udice of the rest. But all this is nothing to the
troubles of my own household, where I am never
at peace. You see that young slave pouting in
a corner, she is a little devil; she has turned my
head; she is not yet eighteen years old, and yet
scolds me and pretends to be more reason-
able than I."

"Yes, yes," said Gylceria, "and so I am, a
thousand times more reasonable—for I am at
least just, I constrain nobody, but leave every-
one to do as he pleases." With these words her
tears recommenced.

"It is a pity to afflict her," said one of the
deputies, "for she is very pretty."

"Pretty, indeed! she thinks she is, but she
does not know how ugly her malice makes her."

"Well, if I am ugly," replied the pouting girl,
"why do you not sell me?"

"And where would you go? What master
would be so kind and indulgent as I?"

"What kindness! what indulgence! to not
leave me the slightest liberty!"

"And do you know," said Solon, "what liberty
it is that she wants—it is to receive in my house
a little insolent puppy, with whom she is in love,
and who prowls incessantly around my house;
the moment I go to the Senate, or to the Lyce-
um, at that instant he is on the spot, and is ad-
mitted; and when I surprise them together, she
excuses herself by saying that he is younger and
handsomer than I."

"Certainly," she cried, "he is both younger and
prettier. Let him be called, and these strangers
may decide between you and him."

"Retire, impertinence," said Solon, "excited
with anger, and let me hear no more of you."

"This libertine that she loves," he continued, "is
a young man named Pisistratus, upon whom I
have lavished favors, whom I have instructed,
and who ridicules me and my laws."

"Your laws!"

"Yes, he is always repeating to me the saying
of Anacharsis, the Scythian, that laws are spider
webs, that catch flies, but always allow larger
prey to escape."

"And why do you not close your door against
this fellow?"

"Close my door! he would come in at the win-
dow. If you only knew how adroit and insinu-
ating he is! He has bribed all my slaves—prayer-
sters, tears, presents, all cost him scarce an effort.
He is full of talent and address—and when I lis-
ten to him, he has the power to appease even me."

"Is it worth while," he says, "my venerable mas-
ter, to quarrel for a slave? If you were young,
like me, and I old, like you, would I not yield
to you? Consider well which of us can best
dispense with her." You must perceive that
these reasons are strong. And then, if I drive
him to extremities, he will accuse and decry me
among the people—he will say that I am amor-
ous and jealous. Although very young, he has
more influence than I; he listens to the mal-
contents, entertains and flatters them; and then he
comes and tells me that I can do nothing with
these people without his assistance; that I did
not understand these Athenians, when I gave
them their own way; that they are vain, frivo-
lous, reckless, capricious, ungrateful and fond
of novelty; that they will always be guilty of follies
until they have at their head a firm and skillful
man, who can manage them; and that he is that
very man."

"The young rogue is very resolute!" said the
deputies.

"And very dangerous!" said Solon. "He
possesses the art of flattering the multitude, as I
told you, and that is the art of ruling it. He
boasts that he will envelope the mob as with a
net—and when he has made me angry with his
threats, he defies me to not love him, and swears
by all the gods, that in spite of myself, I shall
always be his friend. You will necessarily per-
ceive that a man who allows himself to be thus
harassed and vexed by two such young heads, is
not the sage you seek. I advise you to repair to
Thales, the Milesian; for he is above such in-
firmities, and possesses his soul in the plenitude
of peace."

"We began with him," replied the deputies;
"but he, like you, had made a confession of his
folly."

"And has he a little slave that enrages him, a
rogue that carresses her for him, and a restless
people that he cannot pacify?"

"No; but he has as hard a task in combining
the elements, as you have in governing men; and
his folly, he says, consists in trying to explain
what he does not understand."

"Go to Bias, then," said Solon; "he lives tran-
quil and retired, in the little city of Priene; he
only troubles himself with solving the enigmas of
the king of Egypt, and the king of Ethiopia—
As to the mysteries of nature, he declares he
knows nothing about them. He lets the world
go on as it will, without attempting to regulate
it; and to live free from trouble and care, he
has at once renounced science and riches."

"The deputies as directed, visited Bias."

"Ah, my friends," said he, as they entered,
"you came, doubtless, to bring me good news—
have you indeed found my dog? or can you tell
me who stole him?"

"The deputies answered that they knew no-
thing at all about it."

"And what then, said he with a desolate look,
can have brought you here?"

"They told him that by command of the oracle
of Delphus, they had brought him a golden tri-
pod."

"A golden tripod for me! And what am I to
do with it? Ah! rather let the oracle, that can
tell everything, tell me who stole my dog. I had
but this one friend in the world, and they have
taken him from me! What inhuman barbarity! I
had resigned honors, fortune, office, everything,
and with my own hands tilled my little field and
garden; my dog was my companion, and happy
we were to live and talk together. The envious
wretches could not bear to see us enjoy ourselves,
and so they separated us; they stole my dog, my
only friend, and perhaps have murdered him!—
No punishment is severe enough for such ex-
cessive cruelty."

"It is a misfortune, doubtless," said one of the
Milesians, "to lose a faithful dog; but is this
misfortune so great?" "Yes, very great for me
who have nothing else. There is no disgrace
that I have not endured, without troubling either
heaven or earth with my complaints. Neglected
in my own city after having saved it, disregarded
in the councils, I retired from public affairs, and
secluded myself in my own corner. I was the
subject of an unjust suit which I lost, and still I
did not murmur. My wife deceived me, but I
never told it. My children abandoned me, and
I have pardoned my children. I have shown for-
bearance enough certainly; and when, in addi-
tion to all this, they come to take away my poor
dog, it is, I think, time to lose all patience."

"What!" said one of the deputies, "can it be
that such is the stumbling block of the wisest of
men?"

"Of the wisest! and how so? have I given
myself out for such? O no! I am not fool
enough for that."

"Nevertheless if we ask who is the wisest of
the wise, every one answers that it is Bias."

"Bias, Bias, they can talk as they please; and
if Bias is vexed when his dog is stolen, they are
all astounded! No, Bias is merely a good natured
man, who is ill treated and who feels it. If
you seek a firmer man, one whose soul no calami-
ty has yet been able to bend, go to Chilon the
Spartan."

"Let us away, then, to Lacedaemon," said the
deputies; and on arriving there they inquired
for the abode of the man so renowned for his
constancy and his wisdom. They were told that
he was attending the Olympic games at Pisa—
Starting hastily away, they arrived there the very
day when the prizes for wrestling and pugilism
were to be decided.

"They inquired around the arena where Chilon
might be; and were pointed to a man wholly oc-
cupied with the combat between two athletes,
one of whom was his son Epitales, and the other
the famous Glicon, who had already conquered
in the races."

"The eyes of the Spartan, ardent and motion-
less, observed all the movements of the wrestlers;
the progress of the struggle was pictured in the
contortions of his muscles, and the alternatives
were marked by the motion of his brows. His
forehead was streaming with sweat; his hands
grasped his knees every time that his son pressed
his adversary; and he shuddered every time that
he saw him stagger or yield. For an hour and
more the combat lasted with increased violence,
when at length Glicon succumbed, and the arena
and the air around rung with 'Epitales, the son
of Chilon!'"

Then the father, more exhausted than his son,
fell, pale and speechless, into the arms of his
neighbors. They thought he had died with joy,
and the report was even spread in some of the
Grecian cities; but the truth was that he fainted,
and with the paleness of death upon his face, he
was carried into his tent.

When he had recovered his senses, and em-
braced his son, the deputies were introduced;
and, thinking they were announcing to him a
triumph still more flattering, they offered him the
golden tripod, destined by Apollo to the wisest
of the wise.

"Are you trifling with me?" said the Spartan,
"or do you not know that the wise man is he
who possesses his soul in constant quietude, nev-
er permitting any of his passions to subdue him? I
had subjected some of mine, and the most for-
midable of them—such as ambition, envy, cupid-
ity, anger; and now have I just yielded to that
which I the least feared. Fortune has found my
weak side, and has shown me to all Greece, as a
child with whom she has amused herself; and I
have been ready to die with joy for the vainest
of all her favors."

"Nothing is more natural or more excusable,"
replied the deputies, "than such emotions in a
father."

"No, no," said he, "I cannot flatter myself, it
is nothing but weakness. What! because my
son has more elasticity and vigor in his muscles
than another, am I to have so little of either in
my soul as to fall senseless on hearing him pro-
claimed victor in a wrestling match? He who
permits himself to be overcome by good fortune,
can still less bear the reverse; and what will the
women of Lacedaemon say of me, that they cool-
ly render thanks to the gods on beholding their
own sons pierced with wounds, and brought from
the field of battle, stretched upon their shields?
Take my advice, and offer the reward of wisdom
to my neighbor Phizon, who is not like me, a
vain and weak old man."

Phizon was a sort of solitary bear, so savage
that his fellow citizens scarcely dared speak to
him. The deputies, on saluting him, presented
him with the golden tripod, destined by Apollo
to the wisest of the wise.

"Travel on," said he, abruptly, "Apollo is a
judge of men; I am not the sage he sent you to,
and do not boil my broth in a golden tripod."

"It is known," said they, "that you despise
riches, luxury and pleasures; that you give to
the Spartans themselves an example of austerity,
and, in your solitude, trampling upon the vices
and vanities of this world, you exercise over all
your senses the dominion of pure reason and the
power of an uncorrupted soul. Therefore, we
believe we obey the oracle in presenting you this
tripod as a gift reserved for the wisest of men."

"And I would accept it, did I believe one
quarter of what you have said of me; but with a
God who sees so clearly into men's souls, we
must not pretend to be better than we are. They
call me misanthrope, and such I am. But if I
hate men, I do not except myself from this uni-
versal hatred; indeed there is none I am more
displeased with, than with myself."

"You are too modest," said they.

"No, I am sincere. At first I persuaded my-
self that the social man was an unnatural being,
and thinking to render myself better and happier,
I became a savage. Weariness, uneasiness and
melancholy have undeceived me. I was too
late to return; having committed myself, I was
forced to maintain the character I had assumed—
I have even exceeded the austerity of our
Spartans, and am supposed to despise, more than
they, the riches that I do not possess. But why
should I quarrel because others enjoy these illu-
sory benefits of which I deprive myself? What
harm do I receive from the arts of Corinth and
Athens, the luxury of Asia and the effeminacy of
Syracuse? I have too much caprice for a wise
man. If I am happy in my frugality, why should
I quarrel with those who are happy in their opu-
lence? I have often thought that if all the rest
of Greece had the customs of Sparta, Sparta her-
self would be subjected. But as, fortunately for
her, her neighbors are effeminate, I ought to re-
joice that such is the fact; instead of which, I
never think of those spectacles, those parades
and festivals of the other Grecian States, with-
out vexation; and to console myself, I am oblig-
ed to revile them. Is that wisdom? O, no, it
is pride avenging itself for privations suffered—
The real sage is he who, content with the lot
assigned him by the gods, by fortune, or his own
choice, peaceably leaves the rest of the world to
do as it pleases. For me, on examining my
heart, I plainly see what wounds it, and beneath
all my misanthropy, I find that envy has conceal-
ed my poison. Excuse me then from accepting a
present that does not belong to me, and go to
Rhodes, and see if Cleobulus is not the man you
seek. He enjoys the good things of life in peace
and moderation, possessing riches of which he
makes a good use and to which he is not a slave.
He is happy and free, and is willing that every
body else should be as much so as he."

"He is right," said the deputies, "the man who
can best enjoy without excess, must be the wis-
est."

"And they went to Lindos, in Rhodes, where
Cleobulus had just been placed at the head of
public affairs."

On arriving at the vestibule of the palace, there
advanced towards them a young and beautiful
girl, modestly dressed in a linen robe, whiter
than snow, with an azure blue ribbon about the
waist. Her dark hair waved about her ivory
neck, and her brow bore in all its brilliant purity,
the expression of goodness. This was the charm-
ing Eumetis, one of those women whose remem-
brance time delights to preserve. Being the
daughter of Cleobulus, the people were pleased
to call her Cleobuline. The faithful adviser of
her father, she was his glory and the idol of his
love.

When the deputies had introduced themselves,
she led them into the parlors.

"Strangers," said she, "be not displeased if my
father makes you wait. He is at this moment
giving audience to his people, and you will not
require him to leave upon your account the lib-
erty of his duties; but as soon as he is at li-
berty, I will announce you."

Then, discussing with them the customs, the
laws, the commerce, the arts, the alliances, and
the rivalry of the several states of Greece, she
showed a knowledge and a mind so much beyond
her age, that they were tempted to offer her the
tripod they had brought for her father.

"Ah, richly do you deserve, surprising Eume-
tis," said they, the testimony given of you by
Thales, when, in the palace of Periander at Cor-
inth, he said you were worthy to govern a great
State! Happy the people governed by the father
of such a daughter! This king must be the sage
to whom Apollo has destined these presents we
bring." And then they related the history of the
tripod.

"Ah," said she, "I fear my father will refuse
it. He has formed so lofty an idea of genuine
wisdom, that he is far from supposing he can
ever attain it."

At this moment, she saw the people passing
out through the porticoes of the palace, and hav-
ing attentively watched the countenances of all,
heaven being praised, said she, "they are going
away satisfied!" then with a light step she re-
turned to her father.

"Ah," said Cleobulus, exhausted with fatigue,
"this is too much. No, it is useless to talk, I
cannot support it. These people all want to
reign. There is not one of them who does not
think that in giving his voice for me, he has
yielded to me his place, and is in consequence
entitled to sit in my councils. They are all pol-
iticians, generals, jurists, diplomatists, every thing
else, and the most unskilful is always the readi-
est to offer his advice."

Cleobuline embraced him playfully: "come fa-
ther," said she, "a little patience—common sense
is rare, and self love is silly, as all the world
knows; but if every one were wise there would
be no need of a king. Did you hear them all?"

"Yes, I did not repel one."

"Courage, then, in time they will become
more reasonable, and will allow you to make
them happy. Mean while, come and receive the
strangers sent by the Delphian Apollo, and who
come in his name, they say, to offer you a pre-
cious gift."

When the deputies of Cos and of Miletus had
explained their errand, Cleobulus was astonish-
ed and embarrassed with the proposed honors—
"What!" said he, "have you not a Thalus at
Miletus, a Bias at Priene, a Solon in Athens, and
in Lacedaemon a Chilon and a Phizon, all wiser
than I?"

"We have been to them all," said one of the
deputies, "they send the honor we offer them,
like a foot-ball, from one to the other. There is
not one of them who will admit that he is wise;
but each pretend to have his folly and his weak-
side."

"And do you suppose that I have not mine?"
said Cleobulus; "There, (pointing to his daugh-
ter) is the wisdom for which you complimented
me, it is her mild and conciliatory spirit that
softens the harshness of my temper and manner.
Observe that open, amiable countenance, that
simplicity and grace of deportment; there in the
freshness and innocence of youth, dwells a heart
full of nobleness and courage, a soul full of
strength and of goodness; if people think me
good, it is to my daughter that I owe it. With-
out her, I should be an unsocial man."

"O, my father, what are you saying?"

"The truth, my daughter, as we ought, to the
messengers of a God from whom nothing is con-
cealed. Yes, my friends, I am afflicted with an
incurable malady, an antipathy for one half of the
human race; I cannot tolerate fools. I have
travelled in the hope of escaping them, but in
vain; everywhere I encountered them. I flatter
myself I have left them at the south, but they
await me at the north. Like a swarm of gnats,
they seem to follow me; until, tired at length of
trying to escape, I have returned to my own
country to submit, I cannot become accustomed
to them."

"It is true," answered the deputies, "that fools
are a troublesome race; but how much worse
would it be if rogues and madmen were equally
plenty."

"Not at all," replied Cleobulus; "as to mad-
men, we can shut them up; or, if they are harm-
less, they rather deserve to be pitied. Rogues
are generally known, and rarely escape punish-
ment; therefore, until the law takes hold of them,
we can guard against them. But the fools! Ah,
the fools! they are indestructible; they swarm
with impunity; no law against them, they walk
with elevated heads, and everywhere have the
advantage of numbers, of impudence, and of
boldness."

"But what harm have they done you?"

"That is what I often ask myself, and cannot
answer. But as far as I can see them my nerves
tremble, my blood inflames, and, before they
speak, I discern and feel them. A self-sufficient,
satisfied air, a consciousness of their own merit,
a complaisance in themselves and disregard of
the esteem of others; a readiness to interrupt the
best informed, to tell them what they know least
and he knows most; that tone of sufficiency and
presumption; that persuasion of the wisdom of
what they have just said, and what they are go-
ing to say; that false, heedless logic which goes
from one blunder to another, jostling common
sense and propriety on all sides, and giving for
novelties, for unheard-of truths, the most trivial
errors. All this sets me beside myself."

"You are right," said one of the deputies, "these
people are insupportable."

"No I am not right," said Cleobulus, "and I
feel it; my impatience is madness; are all the
trees of the forest straight and tall as the cedar?
Fools are the brushwood of the human race, and
everywhere brushwood abounds. Pity, then, the
weak man who cannot live with fools; take my
advice, and go to Lesbos, where Pittacus, with
untiring goodness and consistency, receives and
hears every one, and does not retire from his au-
dience with a fever. If in all Greece there is a
sage, it is Pittacus."

Already fatigued with so many useless prom-
ises the deputies went to Lesbos; but before visit-
ing Pittacus, they took a view of the island, and
having travelled over it, they repaired to Mity-
lene, where the king held his residence. Being
introduced upon announcing themselves, one of
them thus addressed the king—

"Sovereign of this happy isle, in the cities we
have just visited, in Wethymna, in Antysa, and
especially in Mitylene, and the surrounding
country, we have seen nothing but the love of in-
dustry, and the image of abundance—agriculture
and commerce flourishing, everywhere peace and
order; everywhere perfect security and tranquil
happiness. These things pronounce your eulogy;
and the golden tripod destined by Apollo for the
wisest of the wise, belongs of right to the legis-
lator of Lesbos."

"Yes," replied Pittacus; "if the oracle intend-
ed a king who is merely kind and just, I think
myself such; but a wise man is another thing.
Let us go to dinner first, and afterwards you shall
know me such as I am."

"Your dinner was simple and frugal; but the
air of benevolence and affability, which was nat-
ural to this prince, the amiable gaiety of his chil-
dren, the noble and touching graces of their
mother Amessilla, the fairest of women, more
than supplied the place of luxury. And Pitta-
cus, surrounded by his family, would have ap-
peared the happiest of men, were it not for a
shade of melancholy, which, in his face and eyes,
seemed to cloud his spirits."

He inquired of the deputies whence came the
tripod, and the circumstances of its refusal by the
other wise men. "Thus," said he, "none of them

"Yes, I did not repel one."

"Courage, then, in time they will become
more reasonable, and will allow you to make
them happy. Mean while, come and receive the
strangers sent by the Delphian Apollo, and who
come in his name, they say, to offer you a pre-
cious gift."

When the deputies of Cos and of Miletus had
explained their errand, Cleobulus was astonish-
ed and embarrassed with the proposed honors—
"What!" said he, "have you not a Thalus at
Miletus, a Bias at Priene, a Solon in Athens, and
in Lacedaemon a Chilon and a Phizon, all wiser
than I?"

"We have been to them all," said one of the
deputies, "they send the honor we offer them,
like a foot-ball, from one to the other. There is
not one of them who will admit that he is wise;
but each pretend to have his folly and his weak-
side."

"And do you suppose that I have not mine?"
said Cleobulus; "There, (pointing to his daugh-
ter) is the wisdom for which you complimented
me, it is her mild and conciliatory spirit that
softens the harshness of my temper and manner.
Observe that open, amiable countenance, that
simplicity and grace of deportment; there in the
freshness and innocence of youth, dwells a heart
full of nobleness and courage, a soul full of
strength and of goodness; if people think me
good, it is to my daughter that I owe it. With-
out her, I should be an unsocial man."

"O, my father, what are you saying?"

"The truth, my daughter, as we ought, to the
messengers of a God from whom nothing is con-
cealed. Yes, my friends, I am afflicted with an
incurable malady, an antipathy for one half of the
human race; I cannot tolerate fools. I have
travelled in the hope of escaping them, but in
vain; everywhere I encountered them. I flatter
myself I have left them at the south, but they
await me at the north. Like a swarm of gnats,
they seem to follow me; until, tired at length of
trying to escape, I have returned to my own
country to submit, I cannot become accustomed
to them."

"It is true," answered the deputies, "that fools
are a troublesome race; but how much worse
would it be if rogues and madmen were equally
plenty."

"Not at all," replied Cleobulus; "as to mad-
men, we can shut them up; or, if they are harm-
less, they rather deserve to be pitied. Rogues
are generally known, and rarely escape punish-
ment; therefore, until the law takes hold of them,
we can guard against them. But the fools! Ah,
the fools! they are indestructible; they swarm
with impunity; no law against them, they walk
with elevated heads, and everywhere have the
advantage of numbers, of impudence, and of
boldness."

"But what harm have they done you?"

"That is what I often ask myself, and cannot
answer. But as far as I can see them my nerves
tremble, my blood inflames, and, before they
speak, I discern and feel them. A self-sufficient,
satisfied air, a consciousness of their

is content with himself, but each has in his own soul a severer judge than envy, unsparing as she is. Well have they deserved their renown, and most justly they are revered! They have not, like me, a slanderer, who persists in slandering them—such a calamity is reserved for me, and then a long sigh followed. After a long silence, he inquired of the deputies if they sung in Greece the verses that Alcæus had made against him, denouncing him as the corruptor and the oppressor of his country.

They all assured him that those impudent verses were recognised as such, and injured none but the poet.

“Do you hear that?” said the Queen; “that malicious genius is known, and his poison acts only on himself. Pardon him, then, and forget him for ever.”

“Yes,” said he, “people desire slander, I am willing to admit, at the same time that they detest it; every one knows it by heart.”

On leaving the table, the queen retired with her children, and Pittacus walked with the deputies in the gardens of the palace.

“Heaven is witness,” said he, “that in accepting the crown, which the Lesbians offered me, I only yielded to the importunities of the greatest number, and to the prayer of the worthiest people. Since that time, I have done for them all that the most indulgent father could do for his children; still that wretch Alcæus does not cease to vilify my reign and malign my actions. According to his verses my laws are chains, my authority is a yoke, my goodness itself is but a bait, and even the clemency I used to him when in my power, is, he says, the fear of public disapprobation or the hope of making a flatterer of him. Ah! I attest the Gods, that all I ask of him is his silence. What have I done to him? Have I usurped his rights to this throne? By what violence, by what injustice have I rendered myself odious? And what other than he, in Lesbos, or in Greece, can accuse me of being a tyrant? Still his verses will descend to posterity describing me in the blackest colors. The gods, for my punishment, have conferred the gift of genius upon an impostor. Ah! how he belies the fable that serpents nourished upon the grass growing upon Helicon, lose their poison! His heart is more inflamed with it than the heart of a viper, and he showers it in streams upon my government.”

The deputies tried to convince him that impartial fame would confound his accuser. “And who,” said they, “ever declared louder than you his horror for tyranny? On being asked what beast was the worst, did you not reply, of wild animals the worst is the tyrant, of tame animals the worst is the flatterer? And will they accuse you of being yourself a tyrant?”

“No, I am not a tyrant,” said he, “nor will I be one; but I will lay down my power, and render to heaven and to earth an account of my use of it.”

“You, Pittacus!” cried the deputies, “you! to gratify an infamous detractor, lay down the power to make the people happy!”

“Yes, I will abdicate to silence calumny.—This people, I well know, might still have need of me; neither their laws, their morals, nor their felicity are sufficiently established; the peace and plenty already secured, tend to certain vices; and if the people degenerate into effeminacy and idleness, they will become corrupted anew, and abandon themselves, perhaps, to the most fatal license. This is what the wisest of the Lesbians tell me every day. But such is my weakness, that ten thousand voices praise in vain the mildness, the goodness of my government, while a single man poisons, in the recesses of my heart, my joy and my prosperity. I see him, like a fury, pursuing me in the future. The people who would bless me will be silent in the dust; Alcæus will live, dishonoring me from age to age, and he alone will be heard! In the dead of night, his verses, infamous but scorching, sparkling with rage and with genius, full of bitterness and of grace, insolent yet harmonious, ring in my ears. They seem to pass from mouth to mouth, and I even think I hear him sing them in the midst of the assembled people. The accords of his lyre torment my repose, and above those tones, starting from my sleep, I hear these terrible words: ‘Cease, base Lesbos, cease to serve a tyrant!’—O, no! I have not the strength of wisdom, that strength which tramples upon the reptiles of envy and calumny, and walks firm and erect, in the straight path of duty. If I were really wise, Alcæus would insult me in vain. I should surrender public opinion to him, allow his verses to deceive the world, and be happy within myself in the consciousness of the good I had done and should do for my country. But no, I am weary, agitated, troubled, like a child, with what people may think of me; like the timid deer in the forests, the wind or the rustling leaves frightens me. Take away your golden tripod; the feeble, pusillanimous Pittacus does not deserve it.”

“But to whom then shall we go?” inquired the envoys.

“To Periander of Corinth. Periander does not pretend to be one of the wise men; but he loves to collect them together, and to hear their conversation. Having often entertained them, he knows them all, and better than any else, can appreciate their merits. But to proceed more surely, go and ask him, in the name of God who sends you, to invite them to supper. There, glass in hand, and the tripod upon the table, they can decide themselves to whom this reward of wisdom shall be presented by your hands.”

This advice was followed. The sages at Periander’s invitation, all appeared at Corinth; I need not say that the deputies of Cos and Miles were at the feast.

“There,” said Periander to his guests, towards the close of the banquet, and producing the tripod crowned with flowers, “let each of you in turn define wisdom, and his shall be the prize who shall seem to you to embody in the highest degree the character of a true sage. You will be judged by your equals.”

They, according to the custom of their entertainments, each speaking in his turn only—once defined wisdom to be: an equanimity of soul, unalterable by prosperity or adversity; another, a profound knowledge of ourselves, applied to make us better and happier; another, a moderation of the desires that never exceeds the actual wants of nature; another, the gift of regulating the present, and disposing of the future, by the counsels

of the past; a fifth, a strength of soul proof against the passions; and a sixth, the absolute empire of the reason over the will. Bias closed the circle, and when it came to his turn to speak—“Wisdom,” said he, “is all that together; from which I conclude that the real sage is not a mortal, but a god, and of such gods there are few. Therefore, I think we should send the tripod back to the divinity by whose direction it has been offered to us, for to him it belongs.”

This opinion was adopted by all, and the tripod of Helen was consecrated in the temple of Delphos, and served as a seat for the priestess of Apollo.

This great affair being thus concluded, the deputies began to congratulate Bias upon the success of his advice.

“Congratulate me,” said he, “upon a much more fortunate event; I am the happiest of men, I have found my dog, and have nothing further to desire.”

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MAY 2, 1843.

CONGRESSIONAL APPORTIONMENT.

The Coon of the Ken. Journal and other “Whiffets” of Federalism in the State are in a great passion about the Oxford and Lincoln Congressional District. The great complaint they pretend to make is the inequality of population between York and Lincoln Districts.

The Editor of the Kennebec Journal says “he urged this fact upon the House, and repeated it as strongly as he knew how.” Will he inform his readers why he did not oppose “as strongly as he knew how” the County line Bill, so called, which exhibited a much greater inequality of population in those Districts, instead of supporting it in conjunction with the whole Federal party? The following facts will show how little sincerity there is in Federal complaints. The County line Bill, so called, was the favorite Bill of the Federal party during the session, and repeatedly received their undivided support.

This Bill gave York and Oxford District a population of 92,367. Lincoln District a population of 63,612.

Difference, 28,755. The Bill which finally passed and received the violent and united opposition of the Federal party, gave Lincoln District a population of 84,851.

York do do 72,429.

Difference only 12,422.

Our readers will perceive at a single glance how perfectly hypocritical are all the grumbings of Federal Editors and disappointed Federal office seekers at the Bill passed by the Democratic party. If the Editor of the Journal was sincerely desirous, as he pretends, to pass an Apportionment Bill equalizing population in the Districts, why did he and the rest of his party vote for a Bill that gave 28,755 inhabitants more than another, and oppose the present Bill which reduced that excess to but little more than 12,000? How can he reconcile such palpable inconsistencies to the people of this State. Again, there was nothing in the Constitution or the Act of Congress which required the Legislature to equalize population in the Congressional Districts. The proposition from Mr. Benton in the U. S. Senate to amend the Act so as to require the several States to equalize population in the formation of Congressional Districts was instantly rejected by the Federal party in Congress.

We verily believe that the Editor of the Journal nor the other Federal members of the last Legislature cared a fig for equalizing population, if they could only pile up all our Democratic majority in the State into one District, (as in the case of York and Oxford District) and thereby secure a majority of Federal members to Congress from the State. In conclusion we can assure our friends in Lincoln, and elsewhere, that the Democracy of Oxford are well satisfied with their Representatives and Senators in supporting the Apportionment Bill that finally passed, and will, when the time arrives, contribute their full share of influence to redeem a District from Federalism that was once so ably and faithfully represented in Congress by the lamented Calley.

CAUCUS OF THE DEMOCRATIC MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

The following Resolutions were adopted by the Caucus near the close of the Session. It will be seen that they favor the nomination of Mr. Van Buren.

This is an Index pointing with great certainty to the opinion of the State in relation to a candidate for President. The opinion of New York has and ought to have great weight in the Union on this matter; but it decides but for itself, not for Maine nor any other State. It is quite certain the people of Maine are not in favor of Mr. Van Buren. The great effort to nominate him at a Legislative Caucus last winter resulted in a failure—a total defeat of his prospects as a successful candidate in this State. This shows very plainly that the people are not for him; and although they would vote for him cordially if he were selected, he cannot, and will not, for various reasons, be their first choice.

The Convention passed a resolution in favor of a National Convention, for the nomination of candidates for President and Vice President, to be held at Baltimore on the fourth Monday of November, 1843; as recommended by the democratic party of the States of Tennessee, Missouri, and Virginia.

Resolved, That MARTIN VAN BUREN, by his unbending adherence to sound Democratic principles, notwithstanding the powerful combination of interests arrayed against his administration, has entitled him to the confidence and respect of every friend of equal rights. Although overborne in the contest of 1840, by a temporary concentration of discordant interests, he has maintained with unflinching firmness, those cardinal principles of the democratic faith which lie at the very foundations of our free institutions, and to which he has been devoted during his whole life; and that while we support with good faith and cordiality, the person who may be nominated for President of the United States, by the Republican National Convention, we feel it a duty to express our conviction that MARTIN VAN BUREN is the choice of the Democracy of the State of New York.

Resolved, That the developments of the last ten years, has fully indicated the wisdom and foresight of ANDREW JACKSON, in placing his constitutional veto on the Maysville road bill, and the bill for re-chartering the Bank of the United States. The principle established by the first veto, has saved the Government of the United States from a debt of two or three hundred millions of dollars, and the Bank veto has eradicated a corrupt institution, which, spreading its branches to the remotest borders of the Union, audaciously sought to control the power from which it derived its existence, and to overawe and dictate terms to the war-worn soldier who had been placed at the head of the government by the free suffrages of the American People.

Resolved, That we are opposed to a Bank of the United States in any and every form. That we are also opposed to the numerous exchequer plans and government banks, which have been engendered by the late Congress; and we are gratified to know that the scheme of an Exchequer Bank, matured and brought forward by the President and his Cabinet, has received its quietus by the unprecedented vote of 193 to 18, in the House of Representatives; and we trust this dangerous government engine, after such an emphatic condemnation, from both political parties, will be viewed by its own god-father in the same light that he admits the Bank of the United States now appears to him, as an “obsolete idea.”

Resolved, That the assumption of the State debts by the General Government, as proposed by a distinguished Whig member of Congress, would be unjust, inexpedient, and unconstitutional. If the doctrine is once established that State legislatures can issue stocks and bonds to be loaned to banks, railroads, and for other objects, and that such debts can be assumed and paid by the General Government, it releases the body which contracts the debt from all responsibility of levying taxes for its payment, and will put an end to all economy and moderation in the appropriations of State credit, to be loaned to banks and railroads, and for the furtherance of every local and selfish scheme which the wit of man can devise.

Resolved, That the present favorable rate of exchange between nearly all the commercial points of the Union, affords conclusive evidence that neither a Bank of the United States nor an Exchequer plan for issuing paper money, is essential to their proper adjustment, and that if Congress will keep within the pale of the constitutional provision “to coin money and regulate the value thereof,” the laws of trade will regulate the exchanges.

Resolved, That the law Passed by a Whig Congress, for distributing the proceeds of the public lands to the States, at the time when the national treasury was destitute of means to pay the daily expenses of the government, is a measure well worthy of a party which obtained power by concealing its principles, and lost it as soon as its acts made its principles manifest to the public eye.

SENATOR CARY.—We have no personal acquaintance with Senator Cary. That he is a man of ardent temperament his course in the House years gone by will abundantly prove. That he is a man of firmness and unbending integrity we have not the least doubt. And judging from his speeches, which are the only means we have of judging at all, we should suppose him to be a noble hearted and true Democrat. We have always been captivated with his boldness, energy and perseverance; and we would not, without much better reasons than we now possess, utter a syllable that was derogatory to his political character.

An ardent temperament accompanied with a sensitive mind, under circumstances of insult and provocation, is always impatient of restraint, and occasionally betrays feelings and expressions, which if it were suffered to cool would never meet the public eye. Mr. Cary, we should suppose, was a man of like passions of other men. The speech to which allusion was made in the Democrat of last week shows deep and ruffled feeling. Some of that feeling burst forth in expressions which we could not approve. But after all we condemn not Mr. Cary. We have great confidence in his abilities, and have not the least doubt that his intentions are good. Yet we do believe if he is the man we have always thought him to be, he would not have said deliberately what he did say on the excitement of the moment in regard to the House. The following in reply to some things said against Mr. Cary is from the Bangor Democrat.

SENATOR CARY

We have noticed with surprise & regret a personal attack upon the Senator from Aroostook county, in the Eastern Argus of the 20th of April, from which we make the following extract: “Personally we have nothing to say against Mr. Cary. He has some excellent qualities. He is bold and ardent, with perhaps, too much of the mere partisan politician. He is comparatively young man, ambitious and restless, and impatient of restraint, often driven to extremes by his feelings, upon the spur of an exciting moment; a good debator, when familiar with his subject, and not unfrequently, when he gets upon the right side, as he sometimes does, eloquently convincing; he is, nevertheless, too often bitter and personal, and disingenuous, using the first weapon he can lay his hand upon whether it be a club, a rattan, a cowhide, a brickbat, a handful of dirt, or pistol, or an old rusty blunderbuss, loaded with a double charge of powder, with mustard seed instead of buckshot, which when discharged does double execution at the breech but none at the muzzle.”

Where Mr. Cary is known such nonsense, to use a mild term, can do him no possible injury, and such language is calculated to raise him in the estimation of those unacquainted with him, as its design is apparent at the first blush. What other than a personal and sinister motive could any one have in making such a gross and offensive attack upon a distinguished member of the democratic party? A truer or more disinterested democrat does not breathe than Mr. Cary; and few men with the same opportunities have rendered the democratic party better service. He enjoys the entire confidence of the democrats of his district, who will consider this wanton attack upon him an insult to themselves.

Mr. Cary is some thirty-five years of age, we

believe, and has grown up with the people of the section where he resides. He partakes of the spirit and character of the frontier people—he is frank, ingenuous and enthusiastic; dissimulation is against his nature, intrigue is the very last charge that should be brought against him. His advantages for obtaining an education have been limited, but a man with his extraordinary natural endowments and vigorous intellect must always be felt when brought in contact with men of ordinary mould, although of highly cultivated minds. His power was felt when he was a member of the House, where he had sufficient influence to carry his favorite measure of Bank Reform, and when transferred to the Senate he was equally successful in that body.

Honesty gives him boldness, and when he finds others compromising democratic principles, intriguing for office, or playing into the hands of the enemies of the State or of the democratic party, he is sure to expose them. Where democratic principles were involved he was never known to be on the wrong side or to shrink from responsibility. But Mr. Cary needs no defence from us, his character and his acts afford him ample protection.—Bangor Democrat.

TARIFF. The Kennebec Journal says, that “The cotton planters may yet awhile fall into the English policy until the cotton culture in Egypt, India, Brazil, and elsewhere shall have further advanced, but the people of the great West will never adopt the Anti-American system upon the poor inducement of sending a few millions of bushels of wheat to Canada to be ground there, and carried to England when the crops fail, and with no demand at all when the English crops are good.”

This reasoning is most fallacious, as the Journal very well knows. It is well known in this country that the experiment of raising cotton in India has proved almost a total failure. Planters of the Southern States were hired by the English to repair to India, and with every facility for carrying into effect the purpose of their employers, they could not succeed in raising a good crop of cotton. Various reasons combined to overthrow their operations, and after two or three failures in as many years, they abandoned the idea of ever raising a good quality of cotton in that country. Therefore the expectation that England will supply herself with cotton from India is as “baseless as the fabric of a vision.” In regard to the production of cotton in Egypt and Brazil, we know but little.—We presume it is about the same as in India. If so, all this talk about the cotton market of England and the whole world being supplied by India, Egypt, Brazil, and elsewhere is unworthy a moment’s consideration. If the Tariff is adjusted with a proper regard to the wants of the Government and to a few great interests which are now in their infancy, we have no fears about the West or the South. All will be well.

GEN. VAN RENSSLAER.

The Whig Press of late has entered into a violent tirade against the present Administration for having removed Gen. R. from the Albany Post Office. Their cries are long, loud and abusive. The reason of all this is found in the fact that he is a Clay Whig; and any man who touches one of these Office holding Whigs is sure to be a target for their wrath, and gets stung for his pains.

Gen. R. has held the office over twenty years. He had held it nearly that time when Mr. Van Buren came into office. He was then removed for not performing the duties of the Office faithfully. But Gen. Harrison was elected to the Presidency Gen. R. was reinstated in the Post Office. Since he has been appointed the last time the Office has been most shamefully mismanaged. The following are in short the causes of his removal.

1st. General incapacity.
2nd. Palpable and proved neglect of public duty.
3rd. Mismanagement of the public trusts.
4th. Abuse of the franking privilege.
5th. Extravagance in the conduct of his office.
6th. Want of mental and physical ability to discharge the duties of his office.

He was not removed on political grounds either by Van Buren or by Mr. Tyler. For many and the most cogent reasons they would both have kept him in the Office if he had discharged the duties acceptably.

He received the office as a kind of reward for services done his country, and retained it thus long on account of the veneration usually accompanying such services. Nothing would have been said in lamentation about this man’s removal if he had been a Democrat. No, every thing would have been silent as the grave. But a Coon—a stall-fed, extravagant and imbecile Coon cannot receive his political execution without the air being rent with the sighs and bitter moanings of Clay Whiggery. But this will not do. It is too monstrous! absurd to make capital out of.

In the single item of revenue there is sufficient reason for removal. When the Office was in the hands of Mr. Flagg, he paid in the course of about 2 1/2 years \$1,400, while Gen. R. paid but about \$200 during the same time. Gen. R. ought to have been removed long before, but justice has at length assumed her place, and he is laid on the shelf. The Whig cause will suffer some, (much, perhaps,) for the want of so efficient an Officer—to frank Documents, and secure an electioneering fund out of the Department and individuals. But the public will rejoice, not only for the removal of such a man, but also for the appointment of a good Democrat.

TREATY OF WASHINGTON. The members of Parliament are discussing the advantages and disadvantages of the late treaty. Lord Palmerston contends that the treaty is not such a one as England ought to have had. It is in his estimation disadvantageous and even disgraceful. But Sir R. Peel thinks they have made a glorious bargain. They have got all they wanted, and a vast deal more than they ever expected. He thinks they never had any just claim to any of the disputed territory, but was exceedingly delighted to think that they had cheated brother Jonathan out of so much property by finesse and legerdemain. We shall advert to this subject again.

Scarcely of Hay in New Brunswick.—Considerable distress has been caused in this Province for the want of Hay. Many cattle have died. They have sent to the Kennebec for a cargo of Hay.

From the Eastern Argus.

“But if the like appearances among men are stronger than those among animals; if, as it would be reasonable to suppose, the man in the school, had seen more exhibitions of human nature, than the other had of brute; if the similarity of the actions of human beings had been found to be stronger than those of the brutes; and if the man supposed, could tell, from the like appearances and actions of brutes, which he has seen, how these four-legged animals would act, then a fortiori, the man in the schools could tell how these two-legged animals would act. The I may not trespass too much upon you very able columns, I shall not presume to point out the similarity in the physiognomies and structures of men, nor show the striking analogies which have ever been exhibited in the outgivings of their natures.”—[Old Oxford.]

“Old Oxford” is writing a series of articles to the Argus, in which he is about to make it appear that there is a great analogy between the government of a State and that of a common District School. We suppose this analogy is instituted for the purpose of ascertaining what urchins ought to be chastised and what rewarded. We would advise “Old Oxford” to be cautious how he writes to the Argus in such language as the above. “The Argus can’t stand satire no how.” That I may not trespass too much upon your very able columns, it is too bad. It is libellous. Look out for Cooper-plasters “Old Oxford.” You will catch one just so true as that “when the sky falls we shall catch larks,” (or Protean Coons.)

Twenty Eighth Congress.—Where elections have been held for the purpose of choosing members to the twenty eighth Congress, the following is the result. Is not this cheering?

	New Congress.	Dem.	Whig.	Old Congress.	Dem.	Whig.
Louisiana	1	2		1	2	
Missouri	5			2		
Georgia	8					9
Arkansas	1			1		
New York	24	10		21	10	
Delaware		1			1	
Massachusetts*	2	4		1	5	
South Carolina	7			8	1	
N. Hampshire	4			5		
Connecticut	4				6	
	56	17		39	43	

* 4 vacancies.
Democratic net gain, in ten States, FORTY THREE!

Democrats and Democratic papers should be careful how they talk about the late House of Representatives. The members of that House were Representatives of the people, and if harmony is desired, they must be treated as such.—[Oxford Democrat.]

An excellent hint.—[Portland Am.]
A hint very much like that the fellow had that was kicked down stairs. Have any of the “Democracy” questioned the validity of the bond?—[Kennebec Journal.]

None that we know of, except a few Federalists, by the way a certain Mr. Severance, Editor of the Ken. Journal, pretended to be a democrat in ‘40. Will he please sign the bond—renounce coonery—abandon his corrupt sordidness—join the Loco Focos and become a re-reformed man!

Mr. Bryant, of the Barre Gazette, marks the following just remarks in relation to the brutal assault of Winchester on Peabody:—

The cowardliness of the act will be understood when it is told that Winchester is a man of powerful frame while Mr. Peabody is delicate and feeble. We can strain a point sometimes to excuse that manly resentment which leads to summary punishment which neither the law nor cool reflection justifies, but we can only see a pair of inordinately long ears in Winchester for taking offence, and a more reprehensible folly and cowardice in the method of redress.

BACKING OUT. How can it be said that we have “backed out” from the support of Mr. Calhoun when we have never singled him out as our special favorite for the Presidency. We have spoken of him heretofore as a man of preeminent talent—and as one around whom the Democracy could rally with enthusiasm and success; but we never thus far have said that we should support him at all hazards. We shall make our wishes known in regard to a candidate for the Presidency in due season. We choose to suspend our judgment awhile on this matter in order that we may look at the discussion of certain great questions touching the Presidency with greater impartiality.

The Argus in a State—as usual.—An article of last week the Argus states that our Commissioners did not assent to Webster’s disgraceful Treaty from a fear of an arbitration or apprehension that the Diplomatic Department of the Government was in unsafe or unworthy hands; but from a general approval of its terms. Now, we say, the last communication of the Commissioners ought to silence such mockery and falsehood. That communication instead of approving the proposed Treaty, so far as Maine is concerned, did not speak favorably of a single condition of it; but on the contrary, made a formal array of reasons against it, and only accepted of it for fear of the eyes and thoughts of other States as they were seen looking through and reflecting from Daniel Webster.

Messrs. Calhoun, Van Buren, Cass, Buchanan and Johnson have been addressed by the Indiana State Convention, for the purpose of ascertaining their views on the leading questions of the day, and especially whether they are willing to abide the decision of a National Convention.

Mr. Calhoun has answered that he will cheerfully abide such a decision.

Mr. Cass thinks the Convention ought to be put off till the last reasonable moment, then he is willing to abide the decision.

No reply has been received from Mr. Van Buren.

Argus. The Penobscot has risen to an unprecedented height. Some damage to Mills, lumber, &c. had been the consequence. The Penobscot has been higher than it has before for ten years. No damage has been done to the dam and if the river should rise six feet higher it is thought none would occur. The Androscoggin has risen very high. Much damage we understand has been the result. Logs to a great amount have gone by the booms and floated on to the ocean. Little Androscoggin has been unusually high, and some damage has been done in this town. Further we have not heard. There is not much snow left in this region.

Since writing the above we have heard of some consequences of the violent rain storm yesterday. The storm commenced Sabbath night about 9 o'clock and rained incessantly for nearly 24 hours.

At South Paris, the damages were considerable. The iron foundry standing near the mouth of Stony brook, was nearly undermined, and would have been entirely destroyed had it not been for the frozen ground on the north side of it. The road near it was rendered almost impassable. The river (Little Androscoggin) was unusually high—higher by far than it had been for forty years with the exception of a freshet about 20 years ago. By perseverance and hard labour the grist mill and factory were saved from impending ruin. The boom across the river broke loose yesterday, P. M. and it was estimated that over 40 M. of lumber went down the river.

At Steep Falls, Norway, a Peg Factory and Grist Mill were swept away; and the road at that place rendered impassable. A little below a covered bridge in Oxford was on the point of being carried away by the water excavating the ground at each end of it.

We understand that the bridge across the Androscoggin at Craigie's Mills is entirely swept away. This is distressing news; but we fear that a worse record of damages on other streams is yet to be made.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

The life of this eminent statesman has recently been published in pamphlet form by Messrs. Harper. We copy from it a brief sketch of his personal appearance and character:

"In his person, Mr. Calhoun is slender and tall. His countenance, at rest, is strikingly marked with decision and firmness. In conversation, it is highly animated, expressive, and indicative of genius. His eyes are large, dark, brilliant, and penetrating, and leave no doubt, at first view, of a high order of intellect. His manners are easy, natural, and unassuming, and as frank as they are cordial and kind. In all his domestic relations, his life is without a blemish. He has none of the cautious reserve and mystery of common politicians; for he has nothing to conceal or disguise. He is accessible to all, agreeable, animated, instructive, and eloquent in conversation, and communicates his opinions with the utmost freedom. Some politicians seek popularity by carefully avoiding responsibility. Whatever popularity Mr. Calhoun possesses, has, on the contrary, been acquired by bold and fearless assumption of responsibility on all critical and trying occasions. His judgment is so clear and discriminating, that he seems to possess a sort of prophetic vision of future events; and, on occasions when most men doubt and hesitate, he decides with confidence, follows up his decision with undoubting firmness, and has never failed in the end, to be justified by time, the arbiter of all things.

"Few men have been called upon to pass through scenes of higher political excitement and to encounter more vigorous and unrelenting opposition than Mr. Calhoun; yet, amid all the prejudices which party feeling engenders, and all the jealousy of political rivals, and all the animosity of political opponents, no one has ventured to hazard his own reputation for judgment or sincerity so far as to doubt one moment his great and commanding talents.

"As an orator, Mr. Calhoun stands in the foremost rank of parliamentary speakers. On first rising to debate, he always felt the anxiety of diffidence, arising from a sensibility which is almost always the companion of true genius. His manner of speaking is energetic, ardent, rapid; and marked by a solemn earnestness which leaves no doubt of his sincerity and deep conviction. His style is pure, forcible, logical, and condensed; often figurative for illustration—never for ornament. His mind is well stored with the fruits of learning, but still better with those of observation and reflection. Hence, depth, originality, and force characterize all his speeches. He lays his premises on a foundation too broad, solid, deep, to be shaken; his deductions are clear and irresistible; the strong powers of genius—to adopt the language of the eloquent Pinkney, in referring to Mr. Calhoun's splendid speech on the treaty-making power—from a high region than that of argument, throws on his subjects all the light with which it is the prerogative of genius to invest and illustrate every thing." And his speeches, full of the most elevated patriotic sentiments, after conquering the understanding, take the heart entirely captive, and carry along his hearers, often unconsciously, and sometimes against their will, to the point he desires.

"Mr. Calhoun had attained so high a reputation as a member of Congress, that it was thought by many that he was leaving his appropriate field when he accepted the appointment of Secretary of War. On the contrary his new situation only presented another theatre for the exercise of his great and diversified talents. The distinguishing feature of his mind—the power of analysis—was now to be exercised in the practical business of Government; and at once, as if by enchantment, order, efficiency, and perfect accountability, sprang from the chaos in which he found the department and demonstrated that his energy in execution was equal to his wisdom in organizing, and left it doubtful whether his legislative talents were not surpassed by his practical ability in administration."

Early Marriage. Mr. Cooley, in noticing the customs of the present race of Egyptians, says: "It is singular how very young the Egyptian peasants marry. Nine or ten years for girls, and twelve or fifteen years for boys is considered a marriageable age. Both sexes have so little objection to the conjugal state, that they get married as fast and as soon as possible."

FRESHETS.—All the Rivers in this State have been very high of late. The Penobscot has risen to an unprecedented height. Some damage to Mills, lumber, &c. had been the consequence. The Penobscot has been higher than it has before for ten years. No damage has been done to the dam and if the river should rise six feet higher it is thought none would occur. The Androscoggin has risen very high. Much damage we understand has been the result. Logs to a great amount have gone by the booms and floated on to the ocean. Little Androscoggin has been unusually high, and some damage has been done in this town. Further we have not heard. There is not much snow left in this region.

Since writing the above we have heard of some consequences of the violent rain storm yesterday. The storm commenced Sabbath night about 9 o'clock and rained incessantly for nearly 24 hours.

At South Paris, the damages were considerable. The iron foundry standing near the mouth of Stony brook, was nearly undermined, and would have been entirely destroyed had it not been for the frozen ground on the north side of it. The road near it was rendered almost impassable. The river (Little Androscoggin) was unusually high—higher by far than it had been for forty years with the exception of a freshet about 20 years ago. By perseverance and hard labour the grist mill and factory were saved from impending ruin. The boom across the river broke loose yesterday, P. M. and it was estimated that over 40 M. of lumber went down the river.

At Steep Falls, Norway, a Peg Factory and Grist Mill were swept away; and the road at that place rendered impassable. A little below a covered bridge in Oxford was on the point of being carried away by the water excavating the ground at each end of it.

We understand that the bridge across the Androscoggin at Craigie's Mills is entirely swept away. This is distressing news; but we fear that a worse record of damages on other streams is yet to be made.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

The life of this eminent statesman has recently been published in pamphlet form by Messrs. Harper. We copy from it a brief sketch of his personal appearance and character:

"In his person, Mr. Calhoun is slender and tall. His countenance, at rest, is strikingly marked with decision and firmness. In conversation, it is highly animated, expressive, and indicative of genius. His eyes are large, dark, brilliant, and penetrating, and leave no doubt, at first view, of a high order of intellect. His manners are easy, natural, and unassuming, and as frank as they are cordial and kind. In all his domestic relations, his life is without a blemish. He has none of the cautious reserve and mystery of common politicians; for he has nothing to conceal or disguise. He is accessible to all, agreeable, animated, instructive, and eloquent in conversation, and communicates his opinions with the utmost freedom. Some politicians seek popularity by carefully avoiding responsibility. Whatever popularity Mr. Calhoun possesses, has, on the contrary, been acquired by bold and fearless assumption of responsibility on all critical and trying occasions. His judgment is so clear and discriminating, that he seems to possess a sort of prophetic vision of future events; and, on occasions when most men doubt and hesitate, he decides with confidence, follows up his decision with undoubting firmness, and has never failed in the end, to be justified by time, the arbiter of all things.

"Few men have been called upon to pass through scenes of higher political excitement and to encounter more vigorous and unrelenting opposition than Mr. Calhoun; yet, amid all the prejudices which party feeling engenders, and all the jealousy of political rivals, and all the animosity of political opponents, no one has ventured to hazard his own reputation for judgment or sincerity so far as to doubt one moment his great and commanding talents.

"As an orator, Mr. Calhoun stands in the foremost rank of parliamentary speakers. On first rising to debate, he always felt the anxiety of diffidence, arising from a sensibility which is almost always the companion of true genius. His manner of speaking is energetic, ardent, rapid; and marked by a solemn earnestness which leaves no doubt of his sincerity and deep conviction. His style is pure, forcible, logical, and condensed; often figurative for illustration—never for ornament. His mind is well stored with the fruits of learning, but still better with those of observation and reflection. Hence, depth, originality, and force characterize all his speeches. He lays his premises on a foundation too broad, solid, deep, to be shaken; his deductions are clear and irresistible; the strong powers of genius—to adopt the language of the eloquent Pinkney, in referring to Mr. Calhoun's splendid speech on the treaty-making power—from a high region than that of argument, throws on his subjects all the light with which it is the prerogative of genius to invest and illustrate every thing." And his speeches, full of the most elevated patriotic sentiments, after conquering the understanding, take the heart entirely captive, and carry along his hearers, often unconsciously, and sometimes against their will, to the point he desires.

"Mr. Calhoun had attained so high a reputation as a member of Congress, that it was thought by many that he was leaving his appropriate field when he accepted the appointment of Secretary of War. On the contrary his new situation only presented another theatre for the exercise of his great and diversified talents. The distinguishing feature of his mind—the power of analysis—was now to be exercised in the practical business of Government; and at once, as if by enchantment, order, efficiency, and perfect accountability, sprang from the chaos in which he found the department and demonstrated that his energy in execution was equal to his wisdom in organizing, and left it doubtful whether his legislative talents were not surpassed by his practical ability in administration."

Early Marriage. Mr. Cooley, in noticing the customs of the present race of Egyptians, says: "It is singular how very young the Egyptian peasants marry. Nine or ten years for girls, and twelve or fifteen years for boys is considered a marriageable age. Both sexes have so little objection to the conjugal state, that they get married as fast and as soon as possible."

ALL THE DECENCY.

The New Haven Register thus reports upon a remark of the Palladium of that city, that "ninety-nine out of a hundred of the convicted rogues vote the loco foco ticket." The reply is severe but just:

"If this is true of small rogues, it must be admitted that the big ones are all whigs and if they do not make their appearance at the polls, after conviction, it is probably from the fact that they have either been hung, imprisoned for life, or taken the Sabine slope. The great whig forgers, Mitchell and Monroe Edwards, will not soon be able to give their talents and energies to the whig cause—although Biddle, and hundreds of other federal bank swindlers and rogues on the big scale, are yet spared to them. Badger and Rhawn, we believe, are yet active and influential whig leaders, but whether Jeffers is yet out of prison, we cannot say. Baer will be ready to take the stump again for 'Harry of the West,' unless horse-stealing should flourish in 1844 more than in years past. It would be passing strange indeed, if a party possessing such immaculate leaders, and having for its object the elevation of a gambler and duellist to the Presidency, should not possess all virtue, and talents, and respectability, and honesty, in the land—to say nothing of the hard cider. Such a perfect whirlpool of morality as whiggery, must naturally attract and swallow every good thing that comes within the influence of its suction, whether it be a dead coon or a rum barrel. How can any one doubt the purity of the whig party, who remember its salutary influence on the morals, the business, the habits, temperance of the land, in the last campaign?"

OLD HICKORY. The intelligent correspondent of the New World—whose letters from Florence (Italy) grace the columns of that excellent publication—after speaking of the veneration in which Franklin is held throughout France and Italy, further observes:—

"The only portrait of any foreigner which I have noticed in the print-shops of Florence, is Franklin's."

"I cannot deny myself the pleasure, here, of mentioning the enthusiastic terms of admiration with which the intelligent Italians speak of Jackson. They discover much in his character resembling that of the purest patriots of their own country; much, in short, of the true 'old Roman's' greatness—wonderful decision and energy of character—qualities which are never unaccompanied by other great powers of mind. For sufficiently apparent reasons, the present generation in America, will not render to this great man that universality of praise which is his due; but—

"Another age shall estimate his worth, And glory in his name: the future shall be just."

NEW YORK AND VAN BUREN. The New York Evening Post says in reference to the recent movement of the democratic members of the legislature of that State:

"With entire unanimity they expressed their preference for Martin Van Buren, as the candidate of the democratic party for the next Presidency. The warm, deep, hearty response that will be made to this nomination by the democrats of this state is inexpressible. Thus is the mighty voice of New York added to that of many other states, in expressing her choice for Mr. Van Buren as a candidate, under the sanction of the National Convention."

THE DEMOCRATIC POLICY.

It has been duly stated that the policy of the Democratic party is well settled to be—no bank—no distribution—no assumption of the State debts—no bankrupt law—a revenue tariff—an economical administration—a strict adherence to the letter and spirit of the Constitution. With the outlines of our policy so clearly established, and so well settled, from past experience and observation, it is utterly impossible for us to fail in the next Presidential contest, unless we defeat ourselves. This may be done by division and dissension—from no other cause have we aught to fear. This cannot be too often, or too strongly enforced upon the attention of the great body of the Democracy; throughout the union. Let them bear it well in mind and act accordingly. Bath Inquirer.

A WOMAN WORTH HAVING. Mrs. Seba Smith is now known to the public as one of our best female writers. She is a native of Portland. Of her early history, John Neal has given the following sketch:—

"When Miss Elizabeth Prince, a mere child married Mr. Seba Smith, who had been writing for the newspapers of the day nobody knows how long, had she been asked if she ever hoped to equal her husband, or to contribute in any way to his reputation as a literary man, she would have laughed you in the face—And long after that, years after she had begun to hazard little scraps of prose and poetry for her husband's newspaper, which he carefully corrected for her, if she had been questioned, she would have acknowledged that so far from dreaming of what has since occurred, she would as soon think of enlisting for a drummer-boy, or of digging clams at the halves either at Cape Elizabeth or Booth Bay, as of earning a dollar by the pen. Yet such has been her willingness and her energy; such her steadfast determination to do all that might become a woman for the help of her husband, who has had every thing to struggle with since he removed to New York, and for the support of her little family, that she is now a regular, and we hope well-paid, contributor to some of our cleverest and most popular journals, and has won for herself a most desirable reputation. She was a child but the other day; with no sense of her own strength; and after she became a woman, her countenance you could not see for her veil, and her wings were hidden by her shawl. But the rains beat upon her husband, upon her little ones; and the winds blew and the floods came, and lo! the veil and the shawl disappeared like the mist of summer; and the highest nature of woman broke forth like sunshine, and her wings were molten, and her feet planted upon a rock sure and steadfast. She no longer trembles when you look into her heart or try to read her eyes; neither shawl nor veil is wanted now. The woman is no longer ashamed or anxious to hide herself when called to by her Heavenly Father—She feels her own worth, and looks out, unswerving and self-

dependent, upon the storms about her. What the girl and the bride were unequal to, the wife and the mother delights to grapple with."

THE ROTHSCHILDS.—A curious fact appears in the "Occident," translated for that work from a French publication. "The widowed mother of the wealthy bankers Rothschilds, while her sons inhabit places in London, Paris, Vienna, Naples, and Frankfurt, still resides in the small house in the Jewish quarter of Frankfurt (on the Maine) in which her husband lived and died. Upon his death she declared that she "would only leave for the tomb the modest dwelling that had served to cradle this name, this fortune, and these children." The house is so remarkable for neatness, that it forces the attention of the stranger. It unfolds a trait of the Hebrews, as old as the affection and respect of the wives of the Patriarchs for their lords.

MEXICAN STAGE ROBBERS.

The editor of the New Orleans Picayune says that a gentleman, recently from the city of Mexico, gave him the particulars of an attack upon the stage, and the subsequent robbery of the passengers, by a body of Mexican brigands. Two stages left Mexico in the morning for Puebla. Few of the passengers had arms, and our informant, who was the only American, had but a single pocket pistol, and that was safely stowed away in his trunk. A guard of six dragoons accompanied the stages, and all went on well until they reached the pine woods in the vicinity of Rio Frio. Here, some eighteen gentlemen of the road, who were dressed as rancheros, suddenly appeared from behind a small grove, and discharged their pistols and carbines at the guard. The latter, with a single exception of the corporal, fled at the first fire. The corporal charged in among the robbers, sword in hand, but receiving a pistol ball in the neck, he too left the unequal conflict, and rode off as fast as his horse would carry him.

The passengers of the two stages were now pointedly requested by the captain of the robbers to step out and undergo a search. Their trunks were next overhauled, and all the money and valuables, together with such articles of clothing as the robbers might chance to fancy removed. From our informant they took some three hundred dollars in gold, and he says that the robbers, in good set phrase, begged his pardon for thus putting him to inconvenience. One of the gentlemanly scoundrels said that it was with the greatest reluctance he thus levied taxes; but hard times, and the difficulty of obtaining an honest livelihood in any other way, induced him to his present calling. He sincerely hoped that our friend was a rich man, and had plenty more where the present money came from, and after politely raising his hat turned to search some other person. After collecting money and valuables, to the amount of some three thousand dollars, the robbers told the drivers of the stages they might proceed on their journey, and they finally drove off amid the "adios, caballeros" of the bandits.

"The gentleman who gives us this account says he could not but laugh at the easy impudent politeness of the robbers, although far from being pleased with the loss of his money."

THE BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER says that a letter has been received in that city from Capt. Cozens written at Guadaloupe, when he was awaiting his trial on the above charge. He says he was innocent of any intention of stealing the money, which was brought on board his brig the day after the earthquake, by persons to whom, it afterwards appeared, it did not belong. He adds that it was thought by all there that he should be acquitted; but that a petition to the Governor for further examination had been drawn up by the captains and merchants there, in case he was condemned. His steward was also confined as a party to the theft. Capt. C. has always borne a good character heretofore.

Anecdote. The minister of the town of A—, by some strange concatenation of events, became somewhat unpopular among his people; and they, to show their spirit, at a March meeting elected him hog-revee. The gentleman elect happened to be present, rose and addressed the moderator thus: "Sir, I was chosen some years ago as pastor of this flock, but as my flock have turned to swine, I think this change of office exceedingly appropriate. I will endeavor to serve according to the best of my abilities."

"Mr. Pelham," said a learned lady, who had been showing off her wit at the expense of a dangle, "you remind me of a barometer, that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Alimira," meekly replied her adorer, "in thanking you for this flattering compliment, let me remind you that you occupy my upper story entirely."

DIED.

In Oxford, April 9th, Winthrop, son of Ebenezer P. and Harriet Fitz, aged 10 months.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, SS.—Taken on Execution and will be sold at public Auction at the Store of Hubbard & Marble in Paris, in said County, on Saturday the tenth day of June next at two o'clock P. M.—All the right which Josiah Bailey, of Buckfield, in said County, has of redeeming from the purchaser the Equity of redemption in his homestead Farm in said Buckfield, which Equity was sold on Execution against said Josiah on the eleventh day of February last to Thomas M. Bailey for twenty-seven dollars and sixteen cents, and for particular of said sale, as well as a particular description of said premises as also the amount secured by mortgages thereon, reference may be had to the record of said deed of said sale recorded in Oxford Registry, Book 66, page 34.

SAMUEL F. RAWSON, Deft. Sheriff.

Paris, May 2, 1843.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

BY virtue of a Decree of the United States District Court for the District of Maine, will be sold at

PUBLIC AUCTION,

At the Post Office at Craigie's Mills in Oxford, in the County of Oxford, on Wednesday, the 31st day of May instant, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, the property of LUTHER PERKINS of said Oxford, viz:—

All said Perkins' right, title and interest in and to one undivided third part of one hundred and four acres of land in Macleas, Nos. 10 & 157—one horse—one cow—one ewe—one pig—one dog—one dog—two ploughs—one sleigh—wagon rack—1 M. shing—lot refuse boards—one watch—staple & ring—sundry notes, accounts, judgments and demands, a particular statement of which may be seen at the Office of the subscriber—two oxen—one undivided half of a Saw-Mill—Joiner's square—shoe hammer and bench and measures.

—ALSO—

The property of Thomas Tarbox, of said Oxford, viz:—All of said Tarbox's right and interest in and to a small dwelling house, shop and wood-shed situated in said Oxford, and standing on land of John Welch, Esq., in the occupation of said Tarbox.

—ALSO—

At the same time and place the following property belonging to the estate of JARVIS S. KEITH, Esq. viz:—All said Keith's right, title and interest in and to his homestead in the Village at Craigie's Mills in said Oxford, consisting of thirteen acres of land and the valuable buildings thereon, and a portion of a Saw-Mill and Mill yard and privilege at Craigie's Mills—about 500 acres of land being part of the Wardwell Lot, so called, and about one hundred acres of land, part of the said real estate being subject to a mortgage due to Winthrop B. Norton, Esq., on which there was due July 27th 1842, three thousand two hundred and sixty-eight dollars and seventeen cents—A bond for fifty acres of land situated between the Little Androscoggin River and the old County road leading from the West Village in Oxford to Norway—all said Keith's interest in eleven hundred acres of land situated in the Territory of the Indian Stream, Jurisdiction of New Hampshire, in common and undivided—also, all said Keith's right, title and interest in and to one undivided third part of four thousand acres of land in Cannon County, State of Tennessee, a mortgage of about six acres of land near the Greele Brook, in said Oxford, from John C. Rich and the note secured by the same.

A mortgage of one acre of land on the new County road—mortgaged by John R. Chisholm to secure \$105.

One cow—two horses—wagon—harness—two ploughs—one dog—one yoke of Oxen—five sheep—one Boat—fifteen hundred feet hard wood lumber—one undivided half of four thousand of boards—lot of Logs in the Mill pond—Logs around the Saw-Mill at Craigie's Mills—a mortgage by Isaac B. Carmon on the Machine Shop at Craigie's Mills and the notes secured by the same—the notes secured amount to something over \$300—all said Keith's interest in the new Congregational Meeting House at Craigie's Mills, being to the amount of \$108 on the original cost—one thousand of boards—Timber for a frame—one undivided half of two old Cat and lot—two Fowling pieces—one saddle and bridle—Threshing machine—Lumber sled—set of Iron Trucks—three and one half thousand of shingles—one pair of Spectacles—one French Cart and harness—one Chaise and harness—large quantity of Bricks—thirty bushels of good Corn—twelve do. Oats and Peas.

The miscellaneous Library of said Keith consisting of a large number of well selected Books—sundry notes, accounts, judgments and other evidences of debt, a schedule which may be seen at the Office of the subscriber—and all other effects of said Keith, which are subject to sale by said Assignee, although not particularly enumerated in this notice. Terms cash on delivery.

LEVI WHITMAN, Assignee.

May 1st, 1843.

The subscriber gives further notice that he is authorized to compound the debts due said Keith, and that he earnestly requests all indebted, and all who have accounts in offset, to call at his Office and adjust the same. All persons indebted, who are considered able by said Assignee, will be sued unless payment is immediately made.

LEVI WHITMAN, Assignee.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

BY virtue of a Decree of the United States District Court for Maine District, will be sold at

PUBLIC AUCTION,

at the dwelling house of John Noyes in Greenwood, in the County of Oxford, on Wednesday, the 24th day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, All the right, title and interest of John C. Holt in and to the farm on which he now lives in said Greenwood, the same being encumbered by mortgages, a particular statement of which will be exhibited at the sale. The right of redemption of said farm, mortgaged for the amount for which they were purchased—one horse mortgaged to Jonathan Nash, Esq. for about \$35.

Sundry notes and demands, a particular description of which may be seen at the subscriber's Office in Norway. Terms, cash on delivery.

LEVI WHITMAN, Assignee.

May 1st, 1843.

Assignee's Sale.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

BY virtue of a Decree of the United States District Court for Maine District, there will be sold at

PUBLIC AUCTION,

at the dwelling house of Johnson C. Holt in Albany, in the County of Oxford, on Wednesday, the seventh day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, All the right, title and interest of John C. Holt in and to the farm in said Albany on which he now lives, the same being subject to a mortgage, on which there is now due about \$405. Terms, cash down.

LEVI WHITMAN, Assignee.

May 1st, 1843.

Assignee's Sale.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

BY virtue of a Decree of the District Court of the United States for Maine District, there will be sold at

PUBLIC AUCTION,

on Wednesday, the 24th day of June next at 10 o'clock A. M. at the dwelling house of Henry Timberlake in the town of Livermore, the following property belonging to the estate of a Bankrupt viz:—

All the right and interest (if any) of Enos Timberlake in three Lots of Land by virtue of a Bond from Isaac Strickland and Nathaniel Perley Jr. Lot of Blacksmith's tools—lot of Glapboards—lot of Boards—Timber hewn for house Frames—Mill Logs—lot of wooden bowls and mortars—one cow—one wooden clock—one Table—plank for a drag.

ISAAC S. DALY, Assignee.

Livermore, April 26th, 1843.

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, ANOS EVANS, of Stoneham, in the County of Oxford, on the ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty, by his deed of mortgage of that date, conveyed to me the subscriber, the homestead place or farm on which he then lived, being the same which he purchased of Zachues McAllister; also one half of a Lot of land which he purchased of Stephen Leal, situate in said Stoneham, which deed is recorded in the District Registry at Fryburg in said County, Lib. 30, Folio 57; and whereas the condition of said mortgage has been broken, I give this public notice to foreclose the same agreeably to the Statute in such case made and provided.

JAMES WALKER.

3w3d

Lovell, April 23, 1843.

Freedom.

THIS may certify that I have given to my son Reuben Chandler, Jr. his time until he is twenty-one years of age, to trade and act for himself; and that I shall claim none of his earnings nor pay any debts of his contracting after this date.

Witness—ALANOR M. CHANDLER.

Samner, March 23, 1843.

*52

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, George Berry, of Hartford, in the County of Oxford, on the twenty-second day of April in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty, by his Deed of Mortgage of that date conveyed to me a certain piece or parcel of land situated in said Hartford, being the North half of Lot No. 10 in the Eighth Range of Lots in said town, containing sixty-two and one half acres, more or less, roads excepted, and being the same conveyed to said Berry by Cyrus Hayward by his Deed dated April 5, 1830; and whereas the condition of said Mortgage has been and now is broken, public notice is hereby given to foreclose the same, according to the Statute in such case made and provided.

Dated at Canton, April 24th, 1843.

LEONARD COLE, Jr.

By his Att'y, WM. K. KIMBALL.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

BY virtue of a Decree of the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine, will be sold at

PUBLIC AUCTION,

at the following times and places the property hereinafter described to wit:—

At the tavern of William Whitcomb in Bethel, on Wednesday, the 17th day of May next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon,

All the right, title, and interest which Thomas Cushman had in and to the land on which he now lives, being part of lot numbered fourteen and fifteen, in the fourth Range in Bethel.

Also 1 wagon, 1 cart, 1 sleigh, 1 calf, 1 horse, 2 colts, 1 plough, 1 harrow, and some accounts.

On Thursday, the 18th day of May next, at the house of Jeremiah Grover in said Bethel, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon,

All the interest the said Grover had in a piece of land which he now occupies lying in Bethel and Albany.

Also 1 plough, 1 Time piece, 23 axes, 2 chains, 2 sleds, and the right of making, using, and sending Perkins' Patent Washing-Machine.

On Wednesday, the 24th day of May next, at the store formerly occupied by Briggs & Beese, in Woodstock, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon,

One half-acre of land being a part of lot numbered 80, in said Woodstock.

All the right which John R. Briggs had to redeem three fourths of an acre of land being a part of lot numbered ninety-two in said Woodstock with a store and dwelling-house thereon, subject to a mortgage to secure the payment of about \$212.

Also, a potash building and apparatus, 1 sleigh, 1 wagon, 1 harness, 3 thousand feet of boards—a lot of boards and planks at Tuel's Mill in said Woodstock—1 pig-pen—1 sheep, 1 shop stove, 2 Buffalo skins.

Also the following notes and accounts to wit:—vs. Gideon Swan, \$3, 92—Caleb Beese 1, 19—David York 1, 23—Stephen Bates 2, 409—Clark Kimball 3, 15—Wm. Rowe 2, 20—John B. Lucas 3, 37—Alva Estes 6, 87—Oliver Robbins 2, 565—Rowse Beese 3, 15—Tilden Barrett 1, 01—Edmund Swan 2, 67—Amos Andrews 2, 71—David A. Goodwin 18, 10—John Garland 1, 05—Wm. Noyes 17, 00—Samuel Stevens 2, 00—Thomas Farrar, Jun. 2, 38—John Ester 1, 83—Daniel Cummings 3, 77—H. Cleaves 7, 45—Tilden Barrett 23, 04—Enoch French 1, 34—Elisha Lombard 1, 38—John Annis 91—Tilden Barrett 5, 57—Oliver Swan 5, 64—Daniel Estes 1, 31—Mabon Bryant 1, 03—Isaac Estes 48—Seth Perkins 2, 28—John Starbird 5, 20—Luther Bean 34—Wm. Lunt 2, 00—James Lebroke 1, 10—Cyrrian Bowler 1, 14—Alva York 4, 17—Francis Bennett 3, 09—Daniel Young 1, 30—Samuel Bryant 4, 52—Samuel Lebroke 15, 73—David P. Stowell 10, 61—John Buck 4, 76—James Bird 78—Z. Whitman 1, 43—Charles Young 70—Benja. Jackson 1, 73—Noah Bennett 33—Josiah Churchill 7, 31—John Swan 33—Joseph Trumbull 2, 31—Nash 7, 61—John 7, 68—Daniel Cummings 9, 05—Locke 15, 73—Jere Kimball 1, 02—Peter Kimball 67.

Terms of sale are cash on delivery.

The undersigned is authorized by said court to compound debts due the estate of said John R. Briggs.

LEVI BROWN, Assignee.

Waterford, April 24, 1843.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Western District Court begun and holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of November, A. D. 1842.

LEMAN, Plaintiff, vs. John E. Follett, of said County, Defendant, in a plea of the case. The Plaintiff's declaration is, in substance, as follows, to wit:—

Mr. John E. Follett to Philip Clark, Dr.

To balance due on Store account, \$6.65

To house rent 14 years a \$20 per year, 25.00

31.65

And it appearing to the Court that no service has been made upon the Defendant, and it being suggested that he is out of the State, it is ordered, That the Plaintiff give notice of the pendency of this suit by publishing the substance of the Writ and this Order of Court thereon three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at said Paris, the last publication to be at least thirty days before the next term of this Court to be holden at said Paris on the second Tuesday of June next, that the Defendant may then and there appear and answer to the same if he see cause.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

The substance of the Writ and a true copy of the Order of Court thereon.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

Treasurer's Notice.

HEREBY give notice to the non-resident proprietors and owners of real estate in the town of Albany, in the County of Oxford, that the Collector of Taxes for said town for the year 1842, has returned to me a certified copy of the following assessments of taxes on real estate in said town remaining due and unpaid, viz:

Names of Owners.	No. Lot.	Range.	Acres.	Value.
Johnson C. Holt Farm,			62	400 4 28
John Rick Farm,			30	100 1 07
Bethel Harwood Farm,			10	100 2 14
William Reinold Farm,			120	200 2 14
Sanderson, or unknown,	6	10	100	300 3 21
do do do	7	10	100	300 2 21
Unknown, half lot,	4	3	80	156 161

THEBURN CUMMINGS, Treasurer of Albany.

Albany, April 12th, 1843.

3w6d

NOTICE.

LEZRA WRIGHT, do hereby certify that I have this day given to my sons, John F. Wright and Nathan R. Wright, their time to act and trade for themselves and that I shall not hereafter claim any of their earnings or pay any debts of their contracting.

LEZRA WRIGHT.

Witness—CYPRIAN STEVENS.

Paris, April 24th, 1843.

61

Executor's Sale.

BY virtue of License from the Probate Court for the County of Oxford I shall sell at public Auction on Saturday, the 20th day of May next, at 10 o'clock P. M. at Hubbard & Marble's Store, New No. 27 in the Milling House on Paris Hill, subject to the right of the Widow & Dower therein. Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

CYPRIAN STEVENS, Executor.

Paris, April 10th 1843.

60

"The subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the late Will and Testament of

BENJAMIN WITT.

late of Norway, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to said deceased estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to him.

Norway, March 7th, 1843.

THOMAS WITT.

60

COLLECTOR'S DEEDS,

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

THISIC,
and all
his is be-
in Ame-
have used
ml others

after hav-
d having
found the
ed effect,
ious rem-

that to his
expecta-

the many
wholly as-

or both of
M. JONIN
a long en-
1782, with
d, whole-
d by Drug-

ply19

A M

WILD
Y.

for Colds,
he, Spitting
Breath, and
D LUNGS.
r these com-
most incredi-

VERED.

on, its causes
out for using
ercise, &c.,

ism,
ts and Rara
e, can be ob-
ts, Traders,
s throughout
s Office, 15

by the Agents
-1ep50021

County of

respectful-
County road
enclosed near
ven of Den-
Fryeburg,
from thence
emy Grant,
ween Maine
n, would be
they there-
ocate a road
ough such
practicable
ver pray,
30 others.

Commission-
and for said
December,

the petition-
porations in-
will meet at
in said Den-
next, at ten
w the routes
ly after such
ity will give
, by causing
Order of no-
each of said
route passes,
ike copies in
s and Town-
suecers-
Paris, and in
in the court-
e, the first
es to be made
fore for time
may then and
why tho

it, Clerk.

eon

CLERK.

CLERK.

CLERK.

CLERK.

CLERK.

CLERK.

CLERK.

CLERK.

CLERK.

CLERK.

CLERK.

CLERK.

CLERK.

CLERK.

CLERK.

CLERK.

CLERK.

CLERK.

CLERK.

CLERK.

CLERK.

OXFORD

PUBLISHED

George

EDITOR A

TERMS:—One Dollar

ADVERTISEMENTS:—

the Proprietor not be

beyond the amount of

A reasonable deduction

ance, and no credit will

than three months.

COMMUNICATIONS:—

be Post-Paid to insure

Book n

Executed with

POPULAR

From the

THE

A Tale of

BY C. H.

The frequent acc
have heard of Indi
the remote settleme
to give us some, the
trials and dangers to
New England were
with no power to re
hands and stout he
broken wilderness,
never heeded the ca
was a thousand tim
ida settler, over wh
threw his protecting

The scene of pu
Maine settlements,
history when they c
wars with the Ind
French, carried de
they went. There
the dreaded tomah
tim spared—not fro
from the sordid h
French awarded w
money for each rec
was given for capti
livered in Canada;
the murderous han

Toward the clo
century ago, two y
knoll amidst a den
They were fine, ha
knit joints and bra
to the toils and ha
They were each ar
their dress and equ
they were out on
indeed the case.
band of savages,
racked and burnt
uncle of one of the
ing the father, had
his daughters, who
manhood. Soon
pursuit was made
billy leave their
foremost were the
activity and eager
of all the others.

At the time we
reader they had c
tramp in a vain
ages. They had
of preparing the e
a short time seate
ing in regard to f
rustling in the wo
their attention an
feet in a hostile a
to assume a defens
of bushes near w
and which was so
the tall, gaunt for
in the habiliment
bore a rifle of un
his deerskin bel
which instrument
There was somet
of the new come
the observer's att
as an arrow, and
form exhibited a
betokened great
bronzed by the v
gular looking ca
wild animal, a fe
of length of year
tenance was rath
the wrinkles and
oc with features
dinarily good lo
retained all the
ing seemed to te
give glance.
young men, he
moment the sm
neath his feet.

"What on 'a
staring mad, yo
der, as he grov
neath his heel.
"Why, Joe,
spoilt our suppe
forward.

"And saved
returned the hu
will recognize
acter in a forme
tory. Those
time will gain
follow us in ou
"I don't see
ishing the idea